



THE WESLEYAN

Magi Number



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Table of Contents

FOREWORD	4
AMONG THE CONTRIBUTORS	5
CHRISTMAS (A Poem)—Elizabeth Ingram	6
CHRISTMAS GIFT—Winnifred Jones	7
ORIGIN OF SANTA CLAUS—Elizabeth Wilde	10
COLD—Lorraine Williams	11
CHRISTMAS BELLS—Sarah Erwin	15
SANTA CLAUS—AND STRATEGY—Elizabeth McMahon	16
MISTLETO—Marjorie Royal	21
TO THE LIGHT—Sarah Erwin	22
GIFTS—Melissa Jack	26
FRAGRANCE OF LILIES—Elizabeth Wilde	28
UNDER THE MISTLETO—Elizabeth Barnes	32
EDITORIAL—	
THE REAL SPIRIT OF CHRISTMAS—Winnifred Jones	33
CHRISTMAS THE YEAR ROUND—Mary Cotton	34
TINSEL—Elizabeth Wilde	34
CUSTOMS AND CHRISTMAS—Helen McNutt	35
LAVENDER	37
BOOK SHELF—	
WHITEOAKS OF JALNA—Elizabeth McMahon	38
ENDS OF THE EARTH—Marion Johnson	39
ALUMNAE	43
EXCHANGES	43
RAMBLER	47
COLLEGE DAYS IN THE OLD SOUTH—Martha Cooper	41
A WISH	48

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Foreword

"WE have seen His star in the East and have come to worship Him." So spoke the Magi of the long ago at the feet of the infant Jesus. From the Orient dazzling with the splendor of sin, over deserts glistening white in the burning sun, and through clear soft nights of stars and wonder they came to lay their gifts—their gold, their frankincense and myrrh at the feet of a Child who lay in a manger.

And so we come—Magi—seekers after wisdom—with our small gifts—to the Christ Child's feet.

Among the Contributors

UNDER the general title, "Magi Number," many striking contrasts have been developed. Miss Lorraine Williams contributes a story of strong contrast of setting, in which she shows how impossible it is to transplant a Southern ducky to the frigid north.

"Santa Claus and Strategy" by Miss Elizabeth McMahon, is a clever and highly amusing picture of Christmas preparations in a large family, with plot on the part of the plump wife who has no doubt of her ability to fool mere man and counter-plot by said mere man. There is a delightful thread of romance—but, read it yourself.

Miss Sarah Erwin has developed a psychological story to a highly dramatic climax with remarkable character insight. She also shows her versatility by her success in "featurizing" the spirit of Christmas in "Jingle Bells."

The superstitions of Christmas are discussed by Miss Marjorie Royal, who showed us in the Gypsy number that even the weather could be originally treated.

That most charming side of Christmas, "Gifts," is the theme of Miss Melissa Jack's well-written Feature Article.

The book shelf adds two new books, "Whiteoaks of Jalna," reviewed by Miss Elizabeth McMahon, and "Ends of the Earth," reviewed by Miss Marion Johnson.

Miss Helen McNutt discusses the "evolution" of our Yuletide customs in her editorial.

Miss Elizabeth Ingram catches the high carnival mood of Christmas in her poem, and Miss Caroline Owen paints a word-picture of the eve of the nativity. Miss Elizabeth Barnes adds a touch of whimsicality to the ancient custom of the kiss beneath the mistletoe.

We hope that you will enjoy this number and wish you all a very merry Christmas!

Christmas

BY ELIZABETH INGRAM

*Entwined vines and woven evergreens—
Glossy holly leaves and bright berries—
Poinsettias, flaming, large and small,
Narcissus—clustered starry flowers
Mingling their perfume with
The heady odour of orange blossoms—
Ropes of gold and silver tinsel
Glittering, twinkling with lights of
Crimson, green, amber and mauve.
Laughing eyes—expectant
Breathless warm lips—wondering.*



"Christmas Gfft"

By WINNIFRED JONES

DREARY tenement houses, all alike in their monotonous sameness, stretched almost sky-high. They seemed to lean across the narrow alley, closed at one end, and threaten to shut out the slender strip of cloudy sky that squeezed its way through and lighted the buildings with its pitiable glow, for there was a promise of snow in the polished gloominess of the clouds.

The alley was dull, like a worn-out thing, and devoid of any sign of life. A bit of tinsel that a child must have pulled from the Christmas tree at the settlement house and some torn scraps of old newspaper lifted slightly in the wind before they dived downward again and scuttled like live creatures on the rough pavement.

A small boy in a ragged grey sweater with both elbows out slipped through the loose door of the last house at the blind end of the alley. He pulled his collar up around his ears and clapped his hands together vigorously to keep them warm, for there were no pockets in his scrap of a sweater. With his frail body bent like an old, old man's he pushed his way through the wind. Suddenly he jumped aside with the agility of one born of the streets to avoid running headlong into a burly figure that was hurrying excitedly in the opposite direction.

"Say," the boy began. "Wha'd'ye—why, it's Giovanni. And plum loony. Drunk, too, drunk as—"

"No drunks, Jim," Giovanni insisted, leaning his big face with rosy cheeks and little, black eyes down to the level of the boy's. "Jus' happy—all happy," and he laughed his firm, loud laugh that bounded and echoed through the hollow alley.



Giovanni's laugh clung around him like a halo and followed him all the way up the rickety flights of stairs. At each landing the feeble glare of smoky oil lanterns, which had been hung there as a result of the last visit of the health inspector, leaped to meet him and peopled him a dozen times against the walls. Past the first landing, which had once been wall-papered, he raced against his shadow, two steps at a time, and on to

the second—bare walls, smeared low down with the dirty hand-prints of a child. Here, he stooped to touch the tiny prints.

"Justa like Maria—my Maria," he crooned to himself. "My Maria—my Maria," his foot-steps sang—past the third, the fourth, the last landing, and then far back to the end of the hall. He burst into his box of a room with a full, light laugh as though he half expected to find someone there—just as he had done for every day of the three long years since he had come to America alone.

He knelt on the worn floor, polished bright by his constant sweeping, before a faded statue of the Virgin Mary with a wooden baby in her arms, a statue that he had tenderly brought all the way from Italy. He crossed himself, took the tiny baby in his hand, still frosty-red from folding damp towels in the factory, and kissed it softly. Somehow, he had rather talk to the baby. It seemed to know all about him and his Maria. But, the Virgin Mother! She looked too far away and she never seemed to know that he was there. She looked almost unreal, like an angel, as Emilia did—his Emilia whom he had loved with a worshipping adoration from merest boyhood.

He told the little wooden baby with its

arms curved appealingly upward to him about his Christmas gift, and he showed it the yellow envelope, creased in the middle where he had clutched it more tightly than usual. In it were the three crisp bills, but there was also an extra one—a Christmas gift.

"Fiv' dolla. Thirta-fiv' dolla, litta baby," he sang over and over. "Thirty-fiv' dolla for my baby," for Maria was still just a baby to him, though she must be almost five years old by now.

Italy seemed shadowy—near to him, then, in his little room. His breath floated before him, and through the chilly cloud the statue melted away and Emilia was there—Emilia, standing in the one bare room of their cottage, telling him goodbye and promising that she and the baby Maria would come as soon as he could send them the money. They had decided this months before when the little Maria was just a baby, crawling among his fish nets, piled in the corner and glittering like the sea itself in the flickering sunlight that spread across the dirt floor. Baby Maria should be more than a fisherman's daughter—more than a fisherman's wife. And so, he was coming to America alone. It was hard to realize that he was leaving them and Italy.

The sun lay low on the dusty road, and the cloudless blue sky arched above like a cathedral vault with nothing to break its monotony. Little Maria with her wise, sweet eyes and her baby lips swam before him in a misty haze—along the dusty road, across the weary ocean, and on to America with its hurry and its unconcern. And the same little face hung around the blackened statue in his hand.

"Thirta-fiv' dolla for my baby . . ." he sang. Then he placed the little baby tenderly in the statue's arms and crossed himself. He slipped a flat, carved box of blackened wood from beneath the base of the figure. In it were stacks of envelopes like the one that he still held in his hand. He smoothed them flat in the little box and put his new one with the Christmas gift on top. Perhaps there was enough—for Maria.

"Just two more," Miss Marie at the Set-

tlement House had said the last time that he had dumped his pile of yellow papers before her. "Just two more, Giovanni, and there'll be plenty." But then, there was the Christmas gift.

He jammed his smutty-blue cap on his head and buttoned the black box under his coat. He hurried through the deserted alley toward the Settlement House. There was no Christmas crowd on his street, no little boys in warm, red wooly caps with holly wreaths in their hands and smiles on their lips, no glittering tinsel and colored lights in the shop windows. There was nothing but deadness and dreariness and a cold, dull ache in the air.

The windows of the Settlement House shone warmly from far-off. Dull circles tied with big red bows were silhouetted against the windows—Christmas wreaths. Inside the big, square house scarlet ropes of paper hung looped from the ceiling with green and crimson bells bobbing from them. A huge tree stood in the center of the room, glistening and glowing like a toy. Miss Marie was scattering silver snow on its lower branches and calling laughingly to the slim, dark man with solemn eyes who was tilting on a step-ladder and hanging a star in the very top of the tree.

"A little higher up," she begged. "Oh, you can reach higher than that. You're just lazy, that's all, and the stockings are yet to be filled—as soon as the fruit truck comes. Why, Giovanni, hello! It's Christmas Eve, Giovanni. You've come ahead of time to the Christmas tree, haven't you?" And she threw a handful of the silver powder at him and laughed with him.

A bit of it had caught in her fair hair and shone with a dazzling light as Giovanni watched her count the bits of money from his yellow envelopes.

"It's enough," she smiled mistily up at him. "It's plenty, and I'm so glad."

"A plenta," he echoed, too dazedly-happy to think of anything else to say. "A plenta."

Then, he stood by her tiny desk and watched her as he waited for the dark, young man.

"He'll get a money order for you, Giovanni. It's much safer that way. He'll be back in just a little while," and she began tying horns and dolls and little red trains—lovely, foolish gifts for a child who has no mittens for his hands and no soles in his shoes—in red paper. She tied them with silver ribbons and stuck queer, little Santa Claus pictures on the packages.

"Say you'll come tomorrow night, Giovanni," she begged, and he promised just as the dark young man hurried in, shaking the new snow from his overcoat.

"Here it is," he handed her a slight blue slip of paper. "And I went by the wholesale warehouse, too. They say they'll send the fruit out in a few minutes."

Miss Marie pinned the blue slip to the top of a sheet of paper, and stamped and addressed the envelope for him. He hunched over her desk and wrote his letter to Emilia and his Maria with his clumsy fingers. He sat there until the deep dusk had filled the room and he had finished the page.

"There's a mail-box just across the street, Giovanni," Miss Marie told him. "And, don't forget the Christmas tree tomorrow night."

Giovanni pulled the door of the Settlement House shut behind him. The wind wailed about him and spilled a flurry of snow upon him. A Santa Claus for his letter, why didn't he get a Santa Claus for his Maria? He hurried back into Miss Marie's office. She was at her desk again, still wrapping packages in red paper and piling them beside a stack of scarlet gauze stockings on the floor.

"A Santa Claus, Miss Maree," Giovanni pointed to his letter.

"Oh, surely," she laughed, and she stuck a gay little sticker—a Santa Claus with a bulging sack—on the back of the envelope.

He pushed out into the night again. The wind had risen and shrieked like a demon around the square, wooden building. The snow was blinding in its softness, and through the blackness of the night a fruit truck backed to the sidewalk before the door, almost muffling with its half-frozen rumble the scream of a man in pain.

A crowd rushed up, as though blown in by the wind. Dirty houses coughed up dozens of dirty, cold children. Men on their way home from work and with odd-shaped bundles—gay, foolish gifts—under their arms, a few old women, squalid in their poverty, and troops of newsboys circled around the body.

"Aw, jus' another wop," a shiny-faced, bare-headed woman said, and she waddled on by.

An ambulance shrieked through the wind, and a white-coated figure slipped from it almost before it had stopped. He bent a moment over the still body, and ran his hands to its heart and its pulse.

"No use," he said to the young social worker with the fair hair. "I'm sorry, but he's dead. He must have died almost instantly." And, a dark, young man slipped his arm around her to lead her back into the House. Through the open door, the Christmas tree gleamed at them.

A newsboy in a ragged grey sweater with both elbows out skirted the crowd. He was already late for his papers. He'd get no sales tonight unless he hurried.

"Jus' some po' kid," he talked half-aloud. "Whut's this? A Christmas letter with a Santa Claus on it. Hully Gee, and it's already Christmas Eve."

And he dropped it into a mail-box across the street. The misty snow soon swallowed him up and his clear whistle trailed behind for just a moment before it was lost in the wail of the wind.

The Origin of Santa Claus

(Theologians please skip)

By ELIZABETH WILDE



WAITING up for Santa Claus, waiting in an ecstasy of quivering suspense to catch a glimpse of the immortal distributor of Christmas treasure. Every year the children try to trap their jolly friend, and every year they find only the dear remembrance of his visit. Whence came this scarlet elf, whence is his immortality derived?

Nineteen centuries ago, Judea slept beneath a midnight sky—when all at once there fell upon the plain a glory of brilliant light. The Eastern star proclaimed the birth of Jesus at Bethlehem, and the shepherds and Magi followed the guiding light to the manger and laid their gifts at His feet. Christ was an anticipated gift, heralded by ancient prophecies. The gift of love fulfilled the prophesy and followed His Father's will even to Calvary. Tender hands laid Him in a rock-hewn tomb. And, in the morning, came sad friends to mourn their dead. But, once again, angelic visions offered tidings of the Lord. He was risen—the tomb was empty. Empty, this place where the Son of God had lain at the end of His pilgrimage on earth? Where ever the Christ entered in, the wonder of His love remained. Out of that empty tomb there came a spirit, an immortal presence of self-sacrificing love, of gracious giving. When the story of the fulfillment of

prophecy was written, mothers, reading of the gifts brought to that precious Child of Bethlehem, began to give gifts on his birthday to their little ones. Strong men, proud of the arrival of the Messiah, marked that blessed day by giving remembrances to their friends.

An immortal spirit of gracious giving, it spread to every Christian land. In France the little ones wait for Pere Noel, in Holland Saint Nicholas rewards good children, Germany listens for the good Kriss Kringle,—and we hang up stockings for Santa Claus to fill.

A spirit of love, in flannel and fur, with silky white whiskers and a twinkle in his eye! The incarnation of unselfish giving, not only of visible gifts, but of forgiveness, of real charity, and mercy. Santa's day is a day of family reunions, of Christmas trees for orphans and newsboys and dinners for the forlorn of the earth. Its symbols are the Christ-child's star, the manger which held the precious gift, and the shepherds and Magi that adored the infant King.

Proclaim as valiantly as you will that there is no Santa Claus, you merely strip the spirit of the earthly trappings that endear him to childhood. The spirit itself is immortal, a whispered echo of the Christ-life, and lives in the hearts of all who truly know the graces of faith, love, and unselfishness.



Cold

By LORRAINE WILLIAMS



As the thinly clad little Negro woman stepped from the day coach, she loosened her coat collar, which she had drawn about her throat while riding to keep out the north wind that came in through the cracks in the train, only to gather it back more tightly to shut out the damp early morning coolness that prevailed even in the Pennsylvania station. And yet the coldness of the fall atmosphere was not so great as the numb chill that clutched at her heart when she saw the icy indifference of all these strange people "up Nawth." She wanted to go back where the sun was warm and someone would notice her.

Pauline never knew exactly how she reached the flat in Harlem. She just followed a light-skinned woman who extended a clammy hand to her and explained that she had come to meet Pauline because Mollie, the friend who had persuaded Pauline to come North, was working. It seemed that they rode for miles and miles in surface cars and busses where the November wind cut through like frozen needles. In the subways and elevated railways the stuffy chilliness was more distressing.

Once in the deserted flat Pauline's spirit began to revive and she looked about for a fire. She went through the four tiny rooms of the apartment but could find no signs of even a fireplace, and there seemed to be no wood of any kind to start a fire in the kitchen stove. There had been ice-like lumps clogging Pauline's chest and throat, and now at finding herself in cold rooms with no companions they conquered and in a moment she was beating



her hands together and wailing softly in the crooning way that darkies have.

She regretted with all her soul that she had been persuaded to come where "niggers" could be their own boss and get rich quick. She did not want to be rich; she wanted to be comfortable. She wanted to be warm with friendly, familiar faces about her. She wanted room to see and to move in that slow happy-go-lucky way. She did not want to be hurried about by an unfeeling crowd.

Then the thought of friends reminded her of the particular friends who were responsible for her being in New York and she stiffened. Those friends, the Hayes family, had not made her come; they did not know that they had anything to do with her coming, but nevertheless, they were responsible. They were hard workers and used their money where it would show best. They had a player piano, a second hand automobile, rugs on the floors, and their house was painted. To equal their splendor was the ambition of every family who were in their social circle. With Pauline's family that was the one consuming desire. Pauline's family meant Pauline's mother; she was the controlling power. It was she who had the vision of Pauline going to New York and making the family fortune so "the Gerards" could outshine "the Hayeses." After all the cotton had been picked, Pauline, never suspecting that the idea was not her own, left her home in easy-going Kingston in South Carolina and ventured to the great city where she could be like white folks and make a lot of money.

Now that she was in New York she was not so sure about wanting to be like

white folks. She had not known it would be like this. And she began to doubt all those tales of making twenty and thirty dollars a week. Pauline soon wore herself out by her wailing and, huddling down in a heap on the hard day bed, she drifted off to sleep with the dream of dollars still floating confusedly in her head.

Pauline had slept little on the journey to New York and it was with a start that she awoke to hear someone come in the front door. She was dazed to see through the barred window that it was almost dark. She wondered if she were in jail. Little shivers were running over her. Then as Mollie walked into the room she remembered where she was.

"Lor-r-d, how c-o-l-d it is in her-r-e," Mollie exclaimed as she went over to turn on the heat. Pauline watched the heating process in amazement.

"Well, well, Paurline, an' how does you and all your folks be?" Mollie questioned in a partially northern accent, as she gave an embrace that chilled Pauline more than ever. The sharp evening air still clung around Mollie. The two draped themselves over the slowly warming radiator to discuss all the news from Kingston. Pauline marveled at her friend's sustained r's; somehow they made Mollie a part of that unknown crowd and sent cold shudders through Pauline.

"Paurline, I done got yuh some wor-r-k," Mollie announced with pride. "It's just prezackly whut yuh want. Yes, sir, prezackly. Yuh can done start right in in de mer-r-ning."

And the next morning found Pauline deposited by Mollie at the front door of an apartment on the top floor of a tall building on 116 Street. Pauline was dubious about being at the front but when the lady of the house, Mrs. Smith, appeared, she seemed to take it as a matter of course and laughed at Pauline's apologies. Mrs. Smith wasted no time in putting Pauline to work. She had been without a servant for several days and soon Pauline, who was even slower than the average darkie, was lost in a sea of work.

She never seemed to catch up with the work. Mrs. Smith's sharp, cool voice and

crisp, quick movements was like a frozen crack whip to Pauline. All through the gray and white cold winter days Pauline worked from seven o'clock in the morning until seven o'clock at night under that chill, impersonal voice.

"Pauline," Mrs. Smith would greet Pauline when she arrived in the morning, "It is eight minutes after seven. If you were working in an office that would not be allowed. See that it does not happen again."

And Mrs. Smith would proceed to give orders for the day before Pauline had a second to explain that she could not get on the subway, or that she had over-slept and would not do it again. Why, at Mrs. Johnson's in Kingston, Pauline would sometimes sleep right on through breakfast time and be severely scolded by her dear "Miss Jane," but on being very penitent and explaining that it would not happen again she was always forgiven and the matter forgotten.

Pauline could not understand Mrs. Smith's not scolding her if she were going to notice a few minutes lateness. Somehow, she would have been glad, oh, so glad if Mrs. Smith's marble-looking face had become pink with anger like "Miss Jane's" did when she abused Pauline for being late. "Miss Jane's" fussing was warm and made one burn with shame. Then when it was over and forgiveness granted it was such a cozy feeling. Mrs. Smith stated her displeasure concisely and, somehow, there just was not any way of being sorry and forgiven. The matter was dropped—dropped like a weight on Pauline's heart. It rested there until hammered further in by another offense.

When Pauline was bathing the baby Mrs. Smith looked almost radiant like "Miss Jane" and Pauline would be eager to at last be friends, when Mrs. Smith would turn to her with a brittle statement that she should not allow water to be splashed all over the room and that she took twice as much time in bathing the child as was necessary.

Certainly Pauline took a long time. Babies should be allowed to play with the soap, and besides it was the one task that

Pauline enjoyed. The water was warm and the baby was wiggly and human just like "Miss Jane's" babies. It almost made her feel as if she were home. She would forget for a little while the wind whizzing around the corners of the tall buildings, the snow covered streets, the cold stuffy, little flat, and the coldness that had wrapped itself about her when she first reached New York and that kept steadily creeping closer and closer into her being.

She would forget the time when she had broken one of those marble vases and Mrs. Smith, in addition to reproving her, had begun to take a part of her salary to pay for it. How she had wished to go home then! But, no, she could not go back to her anxious mother with no money, no fortune. She had not managed to save any more than she did at home, even though she was making the huge salary of twenty dollars a week. That was more than twice as much as she made at home. She just had to stay on until she was rich.

Pauline would not only forget her sorrows while giving the baby a bath; she would forget and begin to sing, softly, almost happily to the child. Mrs. Smith had requested again and again that Pauline not sing, as she worked twice as slowly when she did and she might disturb the neighbors. For weeks Pauline had not sung.

Then one day in early March when Pauline had had an unusually hard struggle through the deep snow and icy people to reach the cold stiff apartment, she just had to sing to keep from freezing.

"Pauline," Mrs. Smith questioned in a steely voice. "Must I ask you again not to sing while you are in my apartment?"

The coldness closed in on Pauline and fastened itself about her heart with a suffocating grip. She sank down in a groaning, shivering heap.

"Well, what in the world!" exclaimed Mrs. Smith in an annoyed voice as she gazed at Pauline from across the room.

After waiting a few minutes for Pauline to get up Mrs. Smith decided she had fainted and, taking a partly frozen glass

of water that was handy, threw it in Pauline's face.

At this Pauline began to shake violently and spit up blood, whimpering pitiously all the while. Mrs. Smith seized an oil cloth from the kitchen table and spread it to protect the floor from the blood. Then she hastened to call a doctor and a taxi.

By the time the doctor arrived Pauline was on the way to her flat in the taxi and Mrs. Smith was talking over the phone to the Household Servant Employment Agency.

"Just be certain," she was saying, "that you send me a strong one this time. This last one was not very successful. Oh, yes, she would have been all right except that she is not strong enough to do the work any more. I would like to have another today if you can arrange. I have a good bit of work that has to be done. Yes, thank you very much. Yes, as soon as possible."

When the cold grip about Pauline's heart loosened enough for her to realize what was happening, she saw that she was in her own bed in Kingston and that Mrs. Johnson was bending over her.

"How are you feeling this morning, Pauline?" Mrs. Johnson was asking in a warm, soft voice.

"Oh Lawd, Miss Jane, Miss Jane! I's so cole, so-o-o cole. I ain't never beed warm, oh Lawd, oh Lawd. Make me warm, do somethin' to make me warm, Miss Jane. I knows yuh kin; I knows yuh kin," wailed the darkie. "I got a misery in mah chest, a cole misery all inside me. Used to be outside; now it's done got inside 'til it's freezin' me, freezin' me. Oh Lawd, oh Lawd," and her wail died away into moans.

"Drink this, Pauline, it will help make you warm," said Mrs. Johnson as she leaned over Pauline with a cup of hot whiskey. Pauline continued to groan and Mrs. Johnson commanded in a stern tone, "Pauline, drink this," and Pauline forgetting to wail drank it greedily. Mrs. Johnson was a staunch member of the W. C. T. U. but she knew what would brace Pauline up more than anything else in the world.

Mrs. Johnson's eyes dimmed with tears

as she knew that poor Pauline might as well have what she wanted while she lived. Mrs. Johnson's doctor after the examination a few hours before had gravely stated that Pauline had the worst case of galloping consumption to be alive he had ever seen. She could not live more than a few days.

Warm, salty tears trickled down Mrs. Johnson's rosy cheeks as she gazed at the tiny shivering heap that was Pauline. Mrs. Johnson had done all that she knew to warm that shaking figure. The room was almost unbearably hot from the bright crackling fire. Blankets were piled high on the bed. Outside the first drowsy rain of the season was drifting down. In another room Mrs. Johnson could hear Pauline's mother telling one of the Hayes family about all the money that must

have been stolen from Pauline in New York while she was sick.

"I ain't sick, Miss Jane," Pauline began mumbling. "I's jest' so cole. I'll done be back in yo' kitchen when de sun comes out and de weather gits warm. Ef I could jest git warm again, ef I could jest git warm again. Will yuh rub mah han', Miss Jane, to make it warm," begged the little darkie.

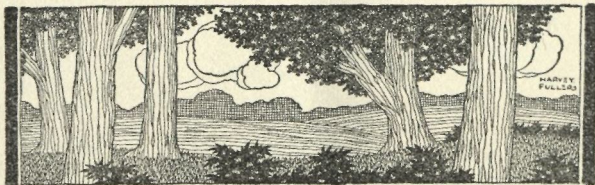
As Mrs. Johnson took the thin cold black hand in her warm, soft, white one, she felt the fingers stiffen as Pauline crooned, "I's cole, cole; oh, Lawd, I jest wan' to be warm again, oh Lawd, make me warm again."

Mrs. Johnson gently put the limp hand down and, weeping, turned away to keep from seeing the answer to Pauline's prayer.



Christmas Bells

By SARAH ERWIN



HERE is always something fascinating about the folklore of the seasons; and when such legends are based upon pleasant conceits, they become of double interest.

Despite the whirligig of time, the good old traditions linger with us. It seems as natural to say of Christmas day the mistletoe hung in the long hall and the holly branch shone on the old oak wall as it does to say of every other day the sun came up. If we should let our thoughts wander back till the haze of millenniums sent them home to us again, like Noah's dove, they would bring us sprigs of inspired customs with memories, thick as flowers, clustered about them. Not a peasant in Sweden will sit down with his children to a Christmas dinner indoors until he has first raised aloft a Christmas dinner for the little birds that live in the cold and snow without. Tradition has included even the brute creation as interested parties in the celebration of Christ's birth. People of the East say that at one o'clock on Christmas morning the cattle go down on their knees and face eastward. And

"Some say that ever, 'gainst that season comes,

Wherein our Savior's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long."

But, when the dawn rises red and the

stars shine through the gray, it is the voice of the man-made, heaven-inspired music that fills the waste places of our lives below, so long swept by notes of wild despair. Of all the elements that added together make the day, it is the music of Christmas that best attunes us to its spirit.

The morning carols make us feel that there is a brightness and beauty, a gladness and glory to the whole circle of life and duty. When we listen to them we know that we cannot cut Christmas out of the calendar nor out of the heart of the world.

The Christmas peals that the bells of joy ring out rise from the vallies and the tablelands and sweep far up, their echoes leaping and soaring and sparkling on the tremolous air until they burst like bubbles. The weird, black pines stand without a breeze, but their iron boughs, slow-swaying, seem to rise and fall, shaking their sifted snows and stirring in every branch to the music in the air. And in the wild, sweet breath that hangs suspended you know that your heart beats with those bells, for no matter how weary the heart has grown with earthly cares, it is always young on Christmas day.

"I heard the bells on Christmas day
Their old, familiar carols play,

And wild and sweet

The words repeat

Of peace on earth, good-will to men!"

Santa Claus—and Strategy

By ELIZABETH McMAHON



RS. Jeffrey Hinkle poked a round, flushed face through the kitchen door.

"Your supper will be ready in a minute, Jeff. Just sit down by the fire and get yourself warm. Wait a minute and I'll help you with that coat."

Mrs. Hinkle hurried down the narrow passage way and into the living room where her husband stood by the cheerful grate fire.

"There now," this, in the tone one uses toward a spoiled child, as she laid the snow-covered overcoat on a near by chair. "I'm hurrying your supper as fast as I can—the burners are all turned up to the limit, and the biscuits will all be brown before you finish the paper."

"Burnt—you mean—on the bottom, and sticky in the middle." And Mr. Jeffrey Hinkle frowned slightly as he carefully wiped the last speck of dust from his unrimmed nose glasses, settled them in the dent on his large nose, unrolled his paper, and smoothed out the wrinkles. This done to his complete satisfaction he precisely folded his hands on the paper in his lap and addressed his wife. "I am afraid, my dear, that you have waited until dark to begin supper again. You know very well that I prefer to eat exactly at six o'clock and that I dislike exceedingly to have to read my paper before rather than after supper. I simply cannot understand why you persist in keeping me waiting."

"Oh, but, Jeff, you know I can't make myself start supper early. Putting up the Christmas decorations was so fascinating. Besides, if I wait late to start anything, I



seem to be able to do it in half the time."

"And nearly wreck your nervous system by rushing around like someone half mad."

"I tell you, I don't even mind—"

But Mr. Jeffrey Hinkle had picked up the paper and had started to read at the very top of the left hand column—and his wife understood the dismissal and returned to the kitchen.

"His everlasting particular ways make me tired," she announced to

the jaunty, fat Santa Claus in the kitchen window. I don't see why he never enjoys a little rushing around, anyway." And she moved her large frame around the inconvenient kitchen with amazing rapidity. "Now, if these biscuits are sticky—"

She was interrupted by the sound of stamping feet on the small kitchen porch. Suddenly the door was pushed open violently, and the north wind sputtered the burners for a moment, until Mrs. Hinkle managed to push the two snow covered figures into the room and close the door.

"Hello, Mom—gee, that snow's fine out there! You should have seen the fight we've just had," said Nancy as she threw an affectionate arm around her mother's expansive waist—as nearly around it, that is, as was possible for her short round arm.

"And I beat Nan up so badly—" Bill hastened to add.

"Land sakes, Nancy," Mrs. Hinkle had recovered her breath from the interruption, "look what a storm you brought in. And me a-rushing around trying to get your pa's supper ready! Now, clear out of here—both of you."

But Nancy had already perched her short, plump self on the kitchen table and was dusting the thinly powdered snow from her coat, while her tall companion removed her galoshes.

"Say, Mom, Bill and I are hungry. We want some fruit cake."

"Nonsense. Clear out, you two! I won't give you the cake I've made for Christmas. It's the first time I've made one this early—and I intend to keep it—until day after tomorrow. Supper'll be ready in a minute. Bill, why don't you call over to your ma and tell her you are eating with us tonight."

"Thanks, Mrs. Hinkle, I will—er at least I think Nancy told her a few minutes ago not to expect me home!"

Mrs. Hinkle laughed. "Well, it looks like I might as well get used to having you around."

Bill placed an affectionate arm around Mrs. Hinkle's ample shoulders. "I think you need an older son to take care of you. By the way," he winked at Nan mischievously, "where did you say that fruit cake was?"

Mrs. Hinkle's lips parted in the vast smile which is possible only to the very fat. "Take care of me, huh! Wheedle me, you mean. Law's sakes it's a good thing Nan's pa won't let you two get married. If I had both of you to put up with all the time—the fruit cake's in the lower cabinet drawer, Nancy. And since it is going to be cut, you might as well slice me a piece, too."

This statement brought forth peals of laughter from Nan and Bill and intermittently from Mrs. Hinkle, until the cake was sliced and demanded their entire attention.

"Good cake, Mom."—this from Nancy.

"You bet!" echoed Bill. "Say, Mrs. Hinkle, do you suppose there will be any chance for me to do anything tonight to make Mr. Hinkle change his mind about me? He won't give me a chance to talk to him—every time I mention it to him, he says we are too young to think about getting married, and won't let me say another word. I know it isn't that, but I can't figure out why he doesn't like me."

Mrs. Hinkle dusted the last crumbs of cake from her hands meditatively. "Well, Bill, I don't know exactly. His head is set and all the talking in the world won't change him. You have just got to use strategy."

"But how, Mom?"

"Well, I guess that is for you or Bill to work—oh, I smell my biscuits—" She rushed frantically to the oven and removed the smoking pan. "It's going to take more than strategy to calm him when he sees these biscuits. Oh, me."

Nan jerked a resolute chin upward, "Mom, it's a sin the way you humor him. He's so fastidious and prim that if his pipe is out of place you'd think he'd lost a wife and ten children in an earthquake! Believe me," this with the confidence of youth, "I'd teach him a thing or two. You've just made it too easy for him—that's all. If you'd let him see a little confusion once in a while he'd appreciate what you do." Suddenly her blue eyes twinkled. "Say, Mom, I've got the idea. Why don't you take him Christmas shopping with you tomorrow? If anything is confusing it's shopping with you on Christmas Eve—I know!"

Mrs. Hinkle was standing in the middle of the kitchen, her hands on her hips, her feet firmly apart, as she examined with disgust the burnt biscuits on the table. When Nancy finished speaking there was a gleam of intense interest in her eyes.

"Not such a bad idea," she muttered; and Bill, noting the determined gleam in her eyes and the slight tightening of her lips as she selected the least burnt of the biscuits, felt a momentary pang of man-to-man sympathy for the husband of this designing female. A moment later, however, Bill's eyes had a sudden gleam of satisfaction in them as if he, too, had just had a secret and decidedly delightful idea. He turned resolutely toward the door which led to the living room.

"Guess I'll talk to your father a little while you help Mrs. Hinkle finish supper," he said to Nancy rather lamely. "Can't see that I can do any harm—"

"Don't forget that I said to use strategy," called Mrs. Hinkle after the retreat—

ing figure; and Bill in the darkness of the passage way smiled to himself as he muttered, "Don't worry! That's exactly what I'm not forgetting."

It was fully fifteen minutes later before Mrs. Hinkle could finish the remainder of the supper and summon nerve enough to invite her husband to partake of the burnt biscuits. To her extreme surprise, however, when she was seated opposite him at the long table Mr. Hinkle seemed in unusually high spirits. He served the plates to Bill and Nan on one side with the next two girls, sixteen and fourteen respectively, and to the four boys ranging from twelve to six on the other side, while Mrs. Hinkle occupied herself with Baby Nelly in the high chair at her right.

He even seemed to be interested in the desires of the family concerning what they wanted on their plates—a tremendous task with which he seldom bothered himself. During the course of the meal, he did not once scold the baby when she shrieked "More, more" and beat on her plate with her spoon or threaten to whip the two boys when they almost came to blows over the inevitable argument concerning which one would be given a red wagon by Santa Claus. In fact he seemed so interested in Christmas himself that Mrs. Hinkle considered it an opportune time to lay the foundations of her scheme. Almost she lost courage when she heard him inquire anxiously of Johnnie exactly what kind of a red wagon he wanted; but just then Nancy passed the biscuits to her father, and as he took one he looked down the long length of the table at his wife—and the look was significant.

"Jeff," she began when she could make herself heard above the shouts of the children, "I want you to go shopping with me tomorrow. I've a lot of things I must buy—and—" she waited tensely for the expected refusal.

"What time do you want to go?" In her surprise she nearly fell from her chair; and Bill, meeting her eyes with his, covered his mouth with his napkin to hide his smile.

Mr. Hinkle continued. "If you will have supper ready at six," significantly, "we

can go immediately afterwards. That will give you nearly two hours to shop—the stores do not close until nine. Nan can stay with the children."

Mrs. Hinkle breathed a sigh of relief and thought self-confidently, "How easy men are to handle after all!"

Christmas Eve passed in a flurry of baking, hanging of stockings, and futile attempts to answer the varied queries of her children. Finally the house was in order, the cakes, pies and candy baked and the Christmas tree all ready for the decorative load of popped corn which the children were stringing by the fire. Just as the sun set on the newly fallen snow Mrs. Hinkle watched from the living room window as Nan and Bill waged a furious battle with snow balls. Their laughs were faintly audible as they pelted each other mercilessly. Nan tripped in a snow bank and fell flat—doubling up like a round, wooly ball in the snow; when Bill hurried over to pick her up, she tripped him and laughed uproariously to see his huge form sprawled out awkwardly. Mrs. Hinkle at the window thought to herself, "If only Jeff would come to his senses about those two, this would be a perfect Christmas. They're no younger than we were when— And her thoughts turned to the scheme she was planning for the night. "Hum, seems funny to be having schemes against Jeff—but—well, he does need a lesson!"

The object of her thoughts interrupted her by his presence; and as supper was ready to be served, it was less than an hour later that Mrs. Hinkle crawled in beside her husband in the old Ford sedan and started for the small down-town shopping district. Mrs. Hinkle's thoughts were chiefly occupied with plans for making Christmas shopping most disturbing for her husband. Suddenly she realized that the car had stopped. Mr. Hinkle grunted non-committently, unwound his long, thin legs from beneath the steering wheel, and began to examine the engine. Mrs. Hinkle poured voluble questions through the crack in the windshield; but her husband was absorbed in his work and did not answer. It was cold in the sedan, and she was a little anxious to begin shop-

ping—there were so many things she had left to buy.

After what seemed an interminable time, Mr. Hinkle lowered the hood, clambered back into the car and started the engine without difficulty.

"What was the trouble, Jeff?"

"I don't know—it's getting a little old, I guess," Mr. Hinkle responded a trifle vaguely. "Hummmmm—it's cold out there all right. Where do you want to go—Supply Co.?"

"Yes, that's the best place."

The aisles of the Winston Supply Co. presented a scene which far excelled even the wildest of Mrs. Hinkle's dreams in unsurpassed confusion and disorder. Surely this was the very place to bring a fastidious husband for a lesson in abiding confusion. Mrs. Hinkle was determined to make a good job of it while she was doing it; she did not cherish the idea of having to repeat the dose. Consequently, Mrs. Hinkle grasped her husband firmly by the hand and dived into the midst of the crowd. Where the majority of the shoppers desired to go, there the others went also for there was no way of maintaining a footing in the struggle. Often she glanced at the face of her husband to see if he were as miserable as she deemed necessary; she was satisfied with the result of her investigation in every instance. He wore the hopeless expression of a small boy who is about to be whipped but who has decided to go through it without a murmur. Mrs. Hinkle smiled to herself, and proceeded to skillfully place her husband between the elbows of two industriously serious shoppers.

At last, Mrs. Hinkle found that the crowd had brought her to the candy counter; and remembering that she would need some for the stockings, she proceeded to make a purchase—but she still maintained a firm hold on her husband's arm. She felt as if she had been in the crowded store for hours—and she had only made one purchase. She must hurry and find the doll counter. It would never do for Baby to fail to find a new doll in her stocking the next morning. She wondered vaguely what time it was, and asked Jeff to look

at his watch. She could see his lips move, but she could not distinguish what he said above the deafening noise. She tried to look at the clock above the front door; but the decorations hid it from view. "Let me see," she shrieked. He held the watch toward her. Mrs. Hinkle looked—blinked—looked again. It could not be—but it was ten minutes of nine! And the store closed at nine!

Frantically she dropped her husband's arm and ran desperately from counter to counter. Finally she came to the doll counter where she hastily picked up the first doll she saw. She gave it to a salesgirl with the almost tearful plea "Please hurry!" While she was waiting for the change, she realized that it was an exact duplicate of the one she had given her last Christmas. But Mrs. Hinkle was inately optimistical. "They'll just have to be twins," she muttered to herself, as she rushed to the hose counter to buy some socks for Billy the youngest boy. She grabbed a red pair and again had a direful thought as she waited. His new suit was green! Well, anyway, red and green are Christmas colors!

Her bundles filled with inappropriate gifts piled higher. Finally she started for the door. Realizing that she was really through she did what she hadn't dared to do before she finished—look at the clock above the door.

Halfway down the aisle she stopped short. She felt that if the crowd around her had not held her up she would have fallen to the floor. She looked again at the clock. It registered one minute of eight. Over beside the door in a practically undisturbed corner stood her husband with a look of thoroughly unruffled pleasure in his supercilious eyes behind the nose-glasses.

He was coming to meet her. She looked at him suspiciously. "Let me see your watch." It, too, registered one minute of eight.

"You are through early," he said. "I scarcely expected to leave here before nine o'clock."

Mrs. Hinkle handed him part of her bundles, but she said nothing.

On the way home Mr. Hinkle added, "Well, I suppose you enjoyed the excitement of the crowd and the confusion."

Mrs. Hinkle was forced to swallow twice—but she said it. "I don't believe I could live," she said, "If it were not for an occasional spree of confusion."

But it was not until the next day—Christmas Day—when she was in the kitchen putting the finishing touches to the turkey that she understood the peculiar twinkle in her husband's eyes as she made that statement.

Mr. Hinkle's voice came clearly through the door from the passageway. "No, Bill,

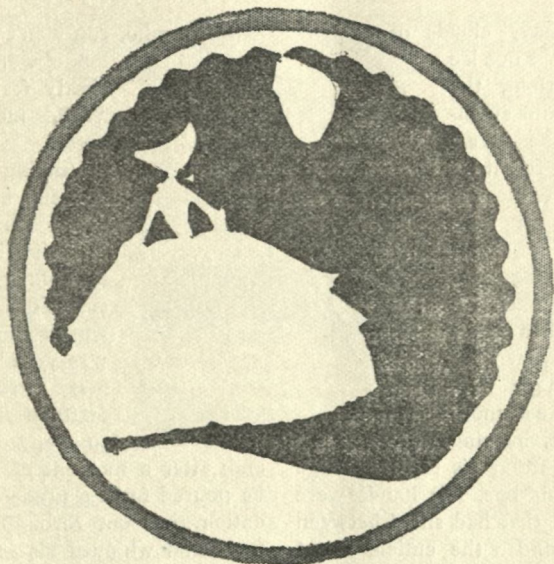
my boy, I didn't have any counter plan. I've always said give a woman a rope and she will hang herself. After you told me the plot it was an easy matter to run the watch up an hour—and I knew she would ask for the time sooner or later. You're a fine boy, Bill—and, by the way, I hope you and Nan will be happy—I'll be obliged to you if you will take her off my hands; she's getting to be—" But the sound of racing footsteps plainly indicated that Bill had gone.

"And to think," Mrs. Hinkle announced to the fat, jaunty Santa Claus, "and to think I advised Bill to use strategy! Smart boy, Bill."



Mistletoe

By MARJORIE ROYAL



OER the lover
I'll shake the berry'd mistle-
toe, that he
May long remember Christ-
mas."

It is Yule-Tide. The seventeenth century Virginia home is welcoming its guests. Sons, daughters, uncles, aunts and cousins, first, second and third, are received hospitably at the door and taken to the great hickory fire that is burning on the open hearth. The Yule log is lighted. The rooms are lavishly decorated with Christmas greens and brilliantly lighted with many candles. There is a small piece of mistletoe fastened above the door. More guests arrive—carriage-loads of them—to partake of the good will and cheer of the season. There are dancing and games for the young and old and music from an old square piano and two fiddles. It is a gala occasion.

Down the stair comes the colonial miss. Her dress is long and full and over it she wears a lacy apron. She pats her hair in place and smooths the heavy folds of her dress. A new dress it is, made especially for Christmas. Primly she folds her hands

together. As she descends the tip of a tiny shoe shows at each step. She goes toward the room where the guests are making merry. Reaching the door she pauses demurely—under the mistletoe.

It is Christmas. The twentieth century Virginia home is joyously entertaining its guests. At the door and the windows hang imitation holly wreaths. In the corner stands a great Christmas tree loaded with tinsel, bright baubles, and toys, and lighted with tiny, colored electric bulbs. A table is piled high with snowy packages tied with red and green ribbons. Snow is banked on the outside of the window sills but the room is comfortably steam-heated. A crowd of young people are dancing to music furnished by a cabinet radio.

Down the stairs comes the modern miss. Briskly she pats her short thick hair in place, peers at her reflection in the staircase mirror, powders her nose, and pauses to pull at a sheer chiffon stocking. On her three inch heels she descends and trips gayly toward the room in which her guests are making merry. Reaching the door she pauses demurely—under the mistletoe.

To the Light

By SARAH ERWIN



DULL, heavy clouds of black smoke rolled along the tunnel and enveloped the men waiting for it to settle after the explosion. The dim lights on their caps flickered in the sheets of coal dust falling over them. Volking rubbed his burning eyes with a gritty hand and peered down the darkened passage way. The dust settled more closely over him, burning his nostrils and setting his teeth on edge when he licked his lips. His hands were raw with the dust that had sifted between the fingers and under the cuticle about the nails. He swallowed laboriously and tried to choke down the parched ache in his throat. Off to the left above him he heard the hollow rattle of the dummy cars suddenly muffled as they started into the ground. Volking thought of his pal, Jack Berber, who, yesterday, had stood beside him in the tunnel and listened to that sound. But, as it grew more distinct and the headlight flashed around the bend, Jack had laid a hand on his shoulder and in a voice that had made his pal's whole body ache had said, "Volking, I can't stand it any longer!"

He hurled himself before the rushing cars and was knocked back upon the track where the sharp wheels ground over him as they rolled to a stop. After one look, the foreman ordered Volking to pitch Jack's torn body into the first car while the others were loaded with ore. Jack was going above ground in the daytime, thought Volking, but what good would it do him now?

"Snap out of it and lean on that shovel!" the rough voice of the foreman filled Volking's ear. "Do you think, just because you're shifted to settin' off dyna-



mite, you won't never do another lick o' work? Moon-gazing, eighty feet below ground! Well, move on down here!"

Volking stepped out after him, but the man suddenly turned back, and, thrusting his dirty face into Volking's, he asked in a suspicious tone, "You wusn't thinkin' uv Berber, was you?"

A scowl darkened his features as Volking failed to deny the implication,

and, after a moment of gathering anger, he poured forth a tirade of cursing deprivation that cut through the boy's hard front and whipped his self-esteem mercilessly. The wave of indignation that had risen in him upon the foreman's first curse had broken before the torrent of vile accusations. The foreman lashed out at him, and he threw up his arms before his face, half turning so that his back was exposed to the fierce blows of the leather whip which drove the coal dust into the quivering flesh of his shoulders. Furiously, the man wheeled about and started on down the tunnel.

But Volking stood motionless with the fixed stare that one sees in the eyes of a man who is scrutinizing his inner self as if he was a newly discovered external object. The capacity for feeling was nowhere near him. With his mind's unemotional eye, he stood gazing at his real self as that being had moved through the twenty years of his life. What was there in those years that could make him as despicable as the foreman had said he was? What was it that had sapped his manly fight? He thought of his childhood. Having never tasted the full pleasures of carefree youth, he could not see how starved it had been. He could scarcely remember his mother, but he knew that she must have

filled his life, for he remembered distinctly the painful emotions that had held him for so long after her death. That was how he felt now! It seemed almost that both he and his mother had left this world, and his body, lost without its soul and the guidance of another soul, mourned below.

Then contrition seized him and he was ashamed of mourning for himself, even in his imagination. There was not a thing on this earth that would mourn for him after his death. And what reason was there for his doing so before death? He forced his thoughts onward through his childhood to Mr. Wiley, his old employer, a gruff hardware merchant who had kept him through his thirteenth year, after his mother's death. Even now, Volking wondered why the old fellow had let him borrow his car sometimes, and yet had tricked him when the boy borrowed it one night, without the permission of Mr. Wiley who was not to be found, only to run out in the country a few miles to bring in two friends who had been hunting. Finding his car gone, Mr. Wiley had started a group of searchers who met Volking on the edge of town, returning with the car. But the old man had started such a disturbance in the little village that Volking, forthwith, was hurried off to the reformatory, where he learned with surprise that some fellows made a practice of borrowing cars indefinitely without ever notifying the owners.

After four years of closely walled seclusion, Volking found a plan brewing among the youthful offenders one day to escape the reformatory and begin a profitable disposition of "borrowed" cars. Volking had no thought for the business that the other boys wanted to establish, but he feigned an interest in order to escape. On the night that they had left, the biting winds and unbearable cold had almost driven him back into the school. Somehow, though, he had not turned back, but for days had struggled eastward—days so full with hungry pangs and so long with weary traveling that Volking could not count them as single days. That was the way he counted time since

he had been spending it down here under this foreman.

"See if that'll move you!" A hard fist struck Volking between the shoulders, knocking him against the rough wall and sending a dull, prolonged pain down his back. "I'm goin' to put dynamite under you and see if that won't get a raise out of you."

"Yes sir!" Volking's quick response was keen and low, but the foreman flared up.

"What th' hell you mean by answering me, you dirty rat?" and he kicked out at Volking.

Volking recovered his feet in a flash and covered his left hip pocket with his hand. "You broke my pipe!" his voice was full of hatred.

"Your pipe! Where in the devil did you get a pipe? Got any tobacco for it?" Quickly he thrust his hand into Volking's right pocket and removed a small can of Prince Albert Tobacco. "So that's what makes you so cocky, eh? Well, you haven't got time to smoke down here, so I'll look after this for you. But your time's comin', because you're goin' where you can smoke as much as you want to." His vile laugh choked the tunnel. "You know, you're a famous man. I've heard your story. You've made history on the police records." His voice was mocking now. "You're a bright one, ain't you? I'm surprised you let them three policemen pick you up on the outskirts of Birmingham and take you into that little drugstore to call the wagon. Your looks told 'em better than to let you loose, and you knew, if you went to the station, they'd find you was wanted at the reformatory. And wasn't that clever in you, with all three of 'em at the same table with you, to pretend to lean over your shoe lace and then to turn the table over on them guys and beat it out the door into a alley. Ha! Ha!" In disgusting laughter the foreman lurched on down the passage, leaving the boy's mind full of the incident recalled. Volking's heart beat fast in remembrance of the strain of that race. He had fled frantically through sidestreets and back yards for miles through the darkly hidden

city of Birmingham; and at last, in a vacant lot he stumbled over a crouching figure that sprang up to thrust a gun in his side.

Feeling that there was no other danger in the world for him at that moment than his pursuer, Volking had explained his mad run quickly in panting whispers and had begged help. A cold gun was pressed into his hand, and a hard young voice told him, "There's no use in running any more. Let's go back and tell him you're stoppin'." The first help-hand in Volking's life had thrust a gun into his fist; but it wasn't the means of aid that thrilled him at that moment; it was just that someone was helping him when he needed it most. Together they sought the black wall of the nearest building and slipped along until they could peer out from behind an old rain barrel into the alley. At the farther end the glow of a lamp from the street into which the alley ran showed the policeman turning about, searching for Volking's trail. "Let's tip him off," whispered Volking's new companion. "We won't hit—just shoot at him. Maybe you'd better let me. I'll aim at that lamp post across the street, and you just fire straight up."

Two shots crashed through the alley. The lamp in the street was shattered. The policeman leaped from the alley entrance and fled back through the deserted streets more hastily than Volking had run. The next morning, a description of Volking was listed on the police records below that of "Jack Berber, German-American, 17 years of age, wanted for theiving and carrying arms during the past week." A space was left below Jack Berber's photograph. Four days later that space held Volking's picture. The two boys, bound together by a common danger, had lain in a muddy old hut down by the river in the day and had dodged about the city at night. But on the fourth night when, driven by hunger, Berber had snatched two apples off a fruit stand, the lazy proprietor had suddenly awakened, caught Jack by surprise, and called loudly for help. Volking started out from his position in the doorway of the next building

to run down the street. Seeing a policeman hastening from that direction, he had turned back only to meet two more. Both boys were taken down to the stations; and soon after Volking's picture had been put in the records, they were tried and sentenced to six years in jail. The trial was of very little importance to anyone save Jack and himself, thought Volking. Everything seemed to have been decided upon and arranged before their arrival.

Seven months they passed in jail, and those months slipped by as unobtrusively as that unseen moment that escapes you when you nod for a minute in a late, sleepy hour. The faculty for tabulating experiences was deadened in Volking's mind by his utter exhausted and emaciated condition. He felt now that he had arisen the next morning after the passing of his sentence to be carted out and sent down into this hell-hole in the ground. At least they had been fed sufficiently in prison, but here his hungry spirit rested always, dull and heavy on his empty stomach, making him miserable.

The only thing that had made it bearable was the presence of Jack beside him, hardening him against the helplessness of their existence. Jack who, when Volking had bitterly complained of the blackness of their life, rising before dawn and staying below ground until after sunset, had pointed out that, when they got out of this eternal, infernal night, they would not have to go to the north pole to know how funny the Eskimos felt having nights a half-year long.

The thing that made his life most impossible was the inhuman foreman. Volking felt that he could have borne either the work or the foreman, but the two together were driving him crazy. Volking was sure that this was the fate of the man whose place he was taking in setting and lighting the dynamite, although the foreman had said he had indigestion from over-eating. If only he could go above ground where the sunlight could warm his taunt body, he thought.

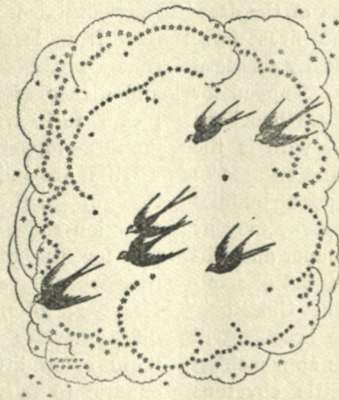
The men were dumping the coal into the empty cars while Volking waited. He put out his hand to lean on one of them,

and the steel rim of the car was cool and wet. It was raining above ground. He stretched out his other hand to cool his hot palm and found in it a stick of dynamite which he had unknowingly brought back from the last set. That dynamite could certainly send things high enough; and Volking's mind seized on this thought and held it as if it were the magic chant of a hypnotizer. He swung the stick of dynamite idly in his hand and compared the height to which he had seen it blow the ore and the heighth to which it might blow a man. But that was dangerously foolish to consider, he thought, when he had only two more years to serve; and then he and Jack—but Jack was dead.

Slowly Volking took his hand off the damp cart and walked down the corridor to his kit of materials. He took out a

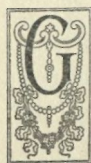
match and held it to the fuse of the stick. As it sputtered a little he had an overwhelming tendency to throw it from him, and so he hurriedly thrust it into his boot and began running back through the tunnel toward the entrance. But, as he reached the dummy cars now filled, the flame from the fuse raced into the dynamite, and atoms of steel and human flesh were driven into the hard walls of the tunnel.

The men who had moved onward toward the bend for the loaded cars to pass out, fled horrified up the tunnel, and the foreman did not stop them in their wild dash. He stood, red and furious in the outer tunnel, shielding his eyes from the smoky dust belching forth, and cursed Volking, calling him a—fool!



Gifts

By MELISSA JACK



GREEN ribbons, red ribbons, quaint little cards with rotund old Santas and Christmas messages stamped on them in gay colors, smooth white tissue paper, and under all these bewitching fineries of Christmas bundles lies mysteriously smothered and hidden the gift itself. Round bundles, square bundles, oblong and triangular bundles, all contain some alluring gift according to its peculiar shape and form.

The mystery and bewitching allurements of these gayly wrapped packages are the secret why even grown-ups arise unusually early on Christmas morning, and are not conscious of the coldness of the drafty sitting room before the fires have warmed the house. The curiosity to see if each hint that was so artfully dropped for the family's and relations' ears has been comprehended and complied with is the reason for the early rising and the secret which these carefully wrapped bundles holds. That small narrow package may be a wrist watch. Tear off the paper and ribbons and see. Isn't that long bulky semi-circle around the foot of the Christmas tree an electric train? Little brother will soon know at the speed he is approaching it now with his chubby little covetous hands. Do you find everything on the Christmas tree you had hoped so eagerly to receive, or has some friend passed a fancy, absurdly ornamented pickle fork off on you?

Maybe some doting great aunt has optimistically defied time and insisted on believing that your father is still young, in comparison with her age, and has sent you a child's story book "with love" for her beloved nephew's "big little girl." In des-



peration the gift from a favorite uncle is sought. He always seemed to have a knack for fathoming the unexpressed longings for certain frivolous luxuries you dared not ask for, and sending it to you with a casual little note of Christmas cheer in his big rough hand. How could this uncle know just what would please, when even your best

friend had not guessed? He had thought and planned what he could send that would make your eyes dance the merriest and your voice ring the gayest. His gift showed understanding and love. The friend who passed the pickle fork off showed that your name had been on her list and had haunted her until she had hurriedly tied up some knick-knack left over from last year. Then she could serenely strike one more name as "settled and dispensed with" from her list. The pickle fork was just what is called a "mouth-stopper."

Gifts are indicative of character. The thought—or thoughtlessness—behind each selection shows the degree of love that is felt for the recipient. Christmas is the time when the self-sacrificing spirit reigns. Nearly all gifts, if they mean anything, require sacrifice either of time in making them or of little deprivations in saving enough to purchase them. The gift that means the most is not the gift that cost the most or is the most spectacular, but the gift that shows a loved one's time and thought and sacrifice. A mother is prouder of a besmudged little handkerchief painstakingly hemmed by sticky little fingers than all the snowy linens in the world. And melted chocolates from a tightly clutched little hand are sweeter than those in a gorgeously-arranged special Christmas box.

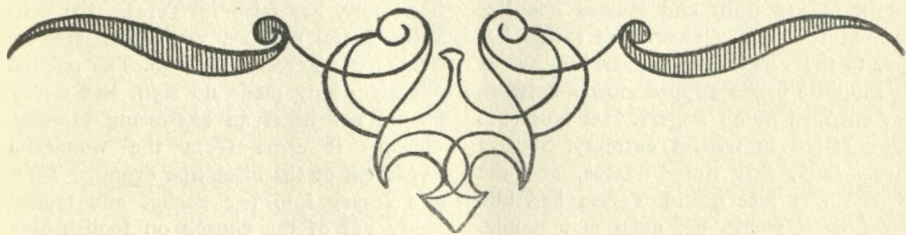
Gifts show personality and originality.

Anybody who gives ties and perfume atomizers Christmas after Christmas is hopelessly lacking in personality. Anybody who has ever had an independent thought can plan something that is original and appropriate for an intimate friend. If every giver realized that some of the needless little trinkets he or she relayed from Christmas to Christmas and some of the absurdly inappropriate gifts that were kept in circulation from year to year were merely indexes to and slams at the givers' originality and personality, promiscuous swapping of useless and inappropriate gifts would be ended.

These gifts are treacherous things. They give away too many secrets of inner weaknesses of the giver. They too plainly broadcast to the world whether or not the giver is possessed of two necessary requisites—promptness and neatness. In spite of the over-worked postmen's

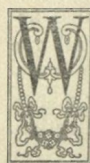
pleadings to "mail your packages early and avoid the rush," many poorly wrapped packages are sent off in a panic on December the twenty-fourth. And many are addressed so hurriedly and slovenly that they do not reach their destination until long after their scheduled arrival. Gifts are to be treated with all due respect and consideration, or they will arrive late, properly tied up, or show a lack of originality and love in their selection.

If, however, the gift is one of love it will naturally be mailed early, beautifully wrapped, and carefully selected. Our personality and sacrificing spirit instinctively predominates when we are thinking and planning for those we love. Then gifts are not so treacherous after all. They are only gifts tell the truth—the truth of just how much we love and are thinking about the one to whom the gift is given.



Fragrance of Lilies

By ELIZABETH WILDE



WITHIN the beautiful church dusk laid gentle fingers upon the sunset light. Shadows crept noiselessly into the corners. The clear Christmas cold died on the threshold and the chiming of bells tinkled faintly in the peace of that twilight hour. High up on the altar tall tapers burned with a steady light. A rich, sweet fragrance of lilies drifted down from the altar-flowers and penetrated the farthest corner of the church with its sweetness. The great church was empty except for this fragrance and the kneeling figure of a girl. Her gay red coat with its coarse black fur trimming was softened in the golden light and glowed gem-like against the snowy altar. She raised her face to the Virgin, and a sparkling rosary of sapphire beads slipped slowly between her chapped numb fingers. Her blue eyes were raised in wistful entreaty. Such a lovely lady, this tinted statue, and the church was just grand. Teresa had told her how it would be, quiet and candle-lighted, with flowers and silent statues everywhere. Ever since she had grown too old for the crowded orphanage and had come to room with Teresa in a dingy boarding house for small-salaried clerks, she had wondered at Teresa's faith that the Virgin Mary could fix everything up all right. But Cecily thought as she folded her hands, forgetting the unfamiliar rosary in her earnestness, that the lady Mary did not seem very much concerned with the supplicant at her feet—her eyes were seeing some far-away glory. With a little sigh, she began softly the prayer that she had said every day of her life in



the orphanage.

"Our Father, who art in heaven—"

What should she pray for? She didn't know what it was she wanted—what she had missed in the drab life in the dull brick buildings of the Josiah Greenway Home. She didn't know why she was so unhappy now, only she felt that she would be happy as a queen if she could only sell perfume and powder to Christmas shoppers instead of hot water bot-

tles. Should she pray for that? A new job, that would be a part of Christmas? While her lips formed the familiar words her heart voiced the universal cry of youth, "Give me happiness, oh Life!" Somehow, her faith in Teresa, the self-assured and capable, was transferred to the Virgin Teresa relied on. The painted porcelain lady made no sign. But Cecily felt in her heart an answering promise. Perhaps it came from the wonderful sweetness of the lilies. She dropped Teresa's rosary into her pocket and tapped softly out of the church on foolish high heels. The lilies seemed to shine with a more perfect light as the candles burned lower and lower in the falling dark.

Why did it always seem so much colder after the lights came on? Was it the hard brightness of their reflection on the snow? Cecily hurried homeward as fast as she could. It was Friday night, and Teresa was going to take her to see a John Gilbert film at the "Cameo."

Waken, oh dreaming Virgin, waken, and warn the little worshipper who knelt at your feet! But the Virgin dreamed on, and Cecily, pulling a close hat over her rebellious curly hair, could not hear the

thoughtful comment of Don Walker, cub reporter for the "Daily News" as he looked the "Cameo" over critically before going in.

"This place is a regular fire trap, but we can see a whole show here before you go on duty, Jim."

A few minutes later the amused Teresa bought tickets for herself and the shining-eyed Cecily, who showed a tendency to jump up and down with impatience and excitement.

The fascinating romance unrolled, reel by reel, in the warm stuffy darkness where Cecily sat squeezing Teresa's hand at intervals, oblivious of the gum-chewing, peanut-cracking, love-making crowd. Suddenly a crash and a crackling noise startled the audience. A sheet of flame enveloped the booth holding the machine and began to eat its way along the balcony. With one accord, the mob rose and struggled toward the narrow doors. Teresa was swept along with the crowd, but Cecily the small and helpless was wedged against the wall by the crowd. Teresa strove desperately to get back into the theatre and find the odd little roommate life had placed in her charge.

"Look out there! You're going the wrong way. It's hot in there, you know. Did you lose something?" As he talked, Don drew Teresa firmly away from the door, out of which thick smoke was pouring. "Let me go! She's in there! Cecily, I'm coming. I'll find you—"

"Hold her, Jim. I'll be right back," Don shouted above the din and rushed through the crowd, into the smoke. Jim held Teresa fast, and she sobbed hoarsely through interminable minutes.

"Cecily's such a darn sweet little thing, she'd give her last nickel for me, or for a toy for some dirty-faced kid." Jim growled sympathetically.

"Perhaps she got out and is looking for you," he shouted.

"Not that baby. She's probably waiting for me—in there!" Teresa continued to sob, and Jim felt an unreasonable irritation at his own inaction.

The crowd parted, and Don staggered through, carrying a limp figure in a gay

scarlet coat. With a convulsive effort, Teresa shook Jim's hold loose and snatched Cecily from Don's arms.

"Cecily, darlin', speak to Teresa. Are you hurt bad? Oh, Cecily, little kid—"

Don took Cecily masterfully from Teresa's clasp.

"Where do you live?" he asked.

So Cecily came back from her gay adventure, carried by a tall, black-haired knight, Teresa walking by her side, and Jim, very ill at ease and feeling useless bringing up the rear, his job forgotten.

"Smell the lilies, Teresa," murmured Cecily to the delight of the anxious watchers when the doctor had finished setting her arm and had given her a whiff of the land-lady's smelling salts. She opened her blue eyes and blinked in the gas light. Teresa was crying at the foot of the cot, clinging to the hand of an awkward, embarrassed young man. What was the matter with her? And who was that smiling down at Cecily? A tall fellow, with very black hair, dark eyes, and the friendliest smile she had ever seen. It was all very confusing, and she couldn't smell the lilies any more. Suddenly, she became conscious of a stabbing pain in her arm.

"Teresa, I hurt so," she wailed.

The tall young man sat beside her and began to talk to her quietly, half-laughingly, with a steady soothing note in his voice. His voice flowed on and on, and Cecily somehow didn't slip back into the darkness. She almost forgot the pain. At last she decided that someone must stop Teresa's crying.

"Don't cry, Teresa, we'll tell the Virgin about it tomorrow and she'll fix it for you. She always does, you know. Did someone hurt you?"

The two young men left abruptly, promising to return. Cecily fell asleep, worn out with pain and excitement.

It was night again when she opened her eyes, roused by the sound of voices and the unmistakable odor of lilies. The tall man with the comforting voice was unwrapping a pot of lilies, waxy white and wonderfully sweet.

"Caught in the act," he chuckled.

"Where's Teresa?" she asked, shyly.

"Gone out with Jim. They left me to play nurse. What would you like me to do? Juggle, play cats-cradle, sing, or talk?"

"The flowers are so sweet, like the ones in church. Teresa will love them. Talk to me some more, please."

"Glad you like them and think Teresa will. They're yours, you know. Now let me see, what do little girls like to talk about? How about a fairy tale?"

So the evenings passed, Teresa and Jim sometimes drifting out to see a movie, his diffident strength a foil for her pert self-confidence. Sometimes they stayed at home and formed an admiring background for Don's adoration of the gentle Cecily. But, the long days when her friends were at work were a different story for Cecily. She could not work for another week, and her place at the store—well, she had suspicions regarding that. She asked Don, and he finally told her that it had been filled. He told her not to worry, that they would find her another place when she was strong enough to work, but meanwhile there was the rent.

While Teresa slept, Cecily lay wide-eyed in the dark and made plans. She could smell Don's lilies, and the quiet dimness of the room was like church. She prayed to Teresa's Virgin and fell asleep at last, heart and mind at rest in faith that the Virgin would help her.

The busy landlady helped Cecily dress for the street. When that lady had gone back to her kitchen, Cecily pulled the little hat over her hair and took her arm out of the sling. Then it was easy to slip it into the wide sleeve of the red coat, and she looked quite whole. She stole down stairs and walked swiftly toward the shopping district.

All day long a slight scarlet figure followed the crowds watching for "Girl Wanted" signs. And with each trip to answer the sign, there was an added dejection to the tired droop of her shoulders. There were so many girls, and every available job seemed to need two hands. She had not eaten because she felt that every cent belonged to Teresa until she could find work. She watched a smiling

clerk measuring tinsel and wished for a Christmasy job. But there seemed no place for her. She walked on up and down the busy streets, searching, longing for some chance work that would let her pay her part of the rent. The winter twilight was falling when she stopped before a brilliantly-lighted night club to rest. It was growing colder, and snow fell softly, powdering her black collar. She had tried every store in the city. She was blocks and blocks from home and still the Virgin had given no help. Teresa's Virgin couldn't fail her, for Teresa needed the money Cecily owed her.

Suddenly a florist's truck drove up before the club, and two men began to carry in potted lilies. To tired Cecily it was a sign, and unthinkingly she followed them to the side entrance. Two men were in earnest conversation. Cecily slipped inside to wait until they should finish to ask for work. It was warm in there out of snowy night, and Cecily pushed her tight hat back from her forehead. The sudden gesture sent the hat flying, and Cecily's bright golden hair fell in shining softness over her shoulders. The only thing she had ever refused to do for Teresa was bob that hair, and now it had ruined her chance to get a job. She swallowed a lump in her throat, and her eyes filled with tears. Both men were looking at her hard.

"Will you look? Look there, I tell you! Do I or do I not have the luck! A Madonna with long yellow hair I need for my tableau. All the girls in your chorus have short hair. In walks this Madonna with the hair of an angel from out of the snow. All we need is the child. The first Christmas Eve for a Night Club. That's something different—like the rich one ordered, no?"

"You're right, Tony. Get a doll, and set the stage. The party is for nine o'clock."

When the party of jeweled women and frock-coated men arrived, the orchestra was playing Christmas carols, and Cecily, robed in the white and heaven-blue of Mary and clasping a wonderful baby doll, was the center of adoration of shepherds and wise men. Wine was served, and talk and laughter sounded above the music,

when a band of policemen entered. The "Non Nuit" was being raided again! In the wake of the police came the reporters.

"Will you look yonder, Christ-child and all, in this place!" Burdette of the "Daily Mirror" was astounded. "Make quite a human interest story for you, Walker."

Don looked where Burdett's astonished finger pointed. Across the confusion on the dance floor, across the footlights, at the sweet face above the Child. Without a word he worked his way through the crowd and through the door leading back stage. Three minutes after Burdett's comment, strong arms lifted Mary bodily out of the living picture, and Don whispered in her ear to keep quiet and hold on to him. Down a narrow hall he carried her, her white robe and nun-like veil blowing about them. Don placed her on her feet a second while he slipped out of his overcoat and wrapped her up warmly, then hurried out into the night with her. He did not speak until they were safe in the shadowy depths of a taxi and flying back to Teresa.

"What in the world were you doing there, Cecily? Playing hide-and-seek? You'd better be careful. I may not always be there to find you, and the wolves might get you."

"I slipped out this morning to get a job so I could pay Teresa my rent. They had lilies in there, so I went in. When they saw my long hair they gave me a place every night till Christmas, Don!" Cecily sat up straight, full of the importance of her Christmas job—and there was Mary with her babe, enthroned in a taxi. For Cecily had held tightly to the wonderful doll!

"Precious! Who cares about the rent? You ought to be playing dolls, all right, honey girl, but not there. When I think what might have happened to you, I could shoot myself for not carrying you off to

safety in my castle long ago. I'll bet Teresa is wild all right. If anything had happened to you—" The cheery Don choked suddenly and swept Cecily into his arms, doll and all.

"Never run away again, dearest girl. Let Don worry about the rent, if any one has to. You're my doll and my queen, Cecily, and you shall have all the lilies and pretties you want, and can give Teresa anything you want to. But, say you love me, please, little sweetheart?"

Perhaps the lilies and the promised gift to Teresa tempted her, or perhaps the long cruel day had taught her how wonderful being with Don was. Anyway the doll slipped from her clasp as she put her arm about Don's neck and clung to him—and only the doll heard what she said. But it must have been satisfactory, for Don was the happiest sight Jim and Teresa had ever seen as he carried Cecily into the little parlor.

The calm Teresa had been frantic with fear for hours and Jim had been doing his best to be helpful. Cecily seemed quite poised as she observed:

"You haven't been worrying about me, Teresa? I have been to work, and Don brought me home. I'm not going back. Did you water the lilies?"

"Listen to the little matron!" chuckled Don.

Teresa and Jim rushed off to get some food—and Don's laughter died, alone with the little girl who was everything he had ever dreamed of or hoped for.

"I love the lilies because they are like you, my Cecily, pure and sweet."

"I love them because they gave you to me, Don," Cecily replied with quiet confidence.

Don called his treasure a foolish child and Cecily did not contradict her new lord and master, but she and the lilies knew what they knew!

Under the Mistletoe

BY ELIZABETH BARNES

*The power of speech is not needed
By all of us here below—
Some don't speak the things
That they most want you to know;*

*So God in his understanding
And gracious mercy so kind—
Let's some of us get by "impression"
The thoughts of the other mind.*



EDITORIAL

The Real Spirit of Christmas



SLIM young matron, nervous and worn out from last-minute shopping, spread her array of useless gifts, novelties, gay, impractical things, before her on the brightly-polished library table.

She sighed wearily as she smoothed out a cloud of silver tissue—enough to wrap a score of gifts. Yards of scarlet and green ribbons slipped from a heap of gay spools. The stack of tinsel-colored bundles grew on the further end of the table and overflowed, spilling a single one on the deep-carpeted floor.

Santa Claus stickers, bits of holly and mistletoe to thrust under the knots of silver cord; but, nevertheless, a weary, puzzled frown on the face, tiredly-relaxed under its mask of rouge.

"Shall I send her a present this year? No, I didn't get one from her last year. But then, I did the year before that, and I didn't send her one then—even if I did last year. Oh, dear, what shall I do?"

Trivial? Very—and so much like most of us most of the time.

Then, a ragged little newsboy stopped before a brilliantly-lighted ten-cent store window, that dazzled in all its splendor of artificial snow and paper wreaths. The wind swept up a flurry of snow and spilled it upon him—over his torn cap and into his chapped, red hand, filled with pennies, red-bright and glowing.

"One, two—ten—twenty," he cleared his voice triumphantly.

He looked a bit longingly at a tiny train, red and gold with strips of nickel banding it. It had run out on its glistening track to the very front of the window, just beneath his eyes, and it glowed like a thing alive.

"Just twenty cents, too," he argued. "But, naw, this is fer Mother—fer Christmas."

At a corner, back from the crowd, a beggar sat, hunched with the cold. His tin cup bobbed in his trembling hand. It was empty.

"Merry Christmas ter you," a ragged little newsboy smiled huskily as twenty new pennies fell in a bright shower into the cup.

Real Christmas spirit? Yes, and a real Christmas gift to the Christ.

Christmas the Year Round



CHRISTMAS every day in the year. Wouldn't it be wonderful if every day in the year might be like Christmas day? Wouldn't it be nice if we could go to sleep on a Christmas night and wake up the next morning to find that we had a brand-new Christmas day in front of us to be lived and enjoyed? If every day in the year were a Christmas day, how glorious life would be.

Would there be trees and bells and tinsel, candles and wreaths and carols? Would there come every night a jolly old Saint Nick, tumbling down the chimney when the house was dark and "not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse?" Would Donda and Vixon and Blitzen snort, toss their antlers in the biting wind, and hastily stamp their tiny hoofs in the snow lingering on the roof top? Would we awake every morning to find a tree heavy with mysterious packages filled with pretty things for us? Is this what a Christmas for every day in the year would mean to most of us? Probably it is for some but certainly not for all.

If it were we would grow tired soon of the endless caravan of Christmases trudging by. A year of this kind of Christmases would be a burden, no doubt.

There is another side of Christmas, however, which, if it should exist throughout the year, would make a little heaven on this age-old world of ours. There is the true spirit of Christmas, the ease and freedom in our natures, the genial, child-like wonder and singing in our hearts, the unselfish flake, from that snowy mantle of the Christ child, that has fallen into our hearts and has lodged there. This spirit of Christmas, if it could linger uncrowded throughout the year and be echoed in every single day, would certainly make a heaven in the hearts of every one of us.

Tinsel



WHEN the trimmings on the Christmas tree were nature's gifts modified by home talent, holly, mistletoe candles, and festoons of pop corn and cranberries were the livery of the Christmas spirit. Today, electric lights in shapes diverse and wonderful shed their rainbow glow on ropes of shimmering tinsel winding in and out among the dark branches of the royal tree. Light as gossamer, glittering, iridescent, it is a jubilant note in decorations, voicing the mood of radiant mirth that should predominate.

Decembers of old in North and South ushered in a succession of lowering gray days, gloomy skies, and falling snow, rain, and hail. Jack Frost, merry sprite, found all that depressing, and touched the spiritless drip of melting snow at noon with a zero-tipped finger, and behold, a fantasy of icicles

shone in the light. Some fairy-learned man caught the mood of the Frost king, and concocted a new substance imprisoning mirth, moonlight, softness, and sparkle-tinsel, the ermine of St. Nicholas.

Across the changes of our years, splashing the cold and shadows of winter with a warm and jovial pleasure, Christmas Day draws a rope of tinsel across the calendar. On that one day free rein is given to children, to giving, to loving,—romance and gaiety. Commonsense is banished, and those whose heads are powdered with the snow of many Christmases romp about the shining tree, young as the veriest toddler in the circle. The shadow of time is present only in the pathos of this artless attempt to crowd enough of brightness and happiness into one day to lighten the journey of another year. But while men remember to give one day to the business of joy-giving and tinsel-trimming, the star-lighted trail that guided the Wise Men to the manger of the infant Prince of Peace will not be forgotten.

Customs and Christmas



HUNDREDS of years before Christ a tribe of Sun Worshippers celebrated the Yuletide. It was that day in the new year when the new sun was born. As the people worshipped daily their God, they believed that his strength diminished. They feared the God of Darkness would conquer the God of Light and force the golden sun to remain in the underworld and leave the whole earth in everlasting darkness. Then, however, they perceived that there was a day in each year when the waning power of their God was renewed. From this day on his power grew. And so these worshippers set aside this day to celebrate with joyous festivity the birthday of their God, the Sun.

Two thousand years later, Christ was born. The day of the rebirth of the Sun, the passing of the winter solstice, was set aside to celebrate the birthday of the Son, the spiritual light of the world.

The occasion was pregnant with new meaning. By a song of peace Christ's birth was announced, and for the first time people worshipped the Spirit of Peace.

The story of Christ's birth in a manger and the coming of the humble shepherds to worship Him is the first instance that mankind ever had which elevated and gave a glorious place to men of humble birth.

Only since the nativity of Christ has the meaning of Motherhood been interpreted. The Moslems with all their hostilities toward Christians adore Mary, the Mother of Christ. And, today Christmas is the time we especially designate to honor Mother.

Just as the thought of honoring Mother has come down to us today so have the thousand other customs. It is said that the idea of sending Christmas cards originated in England, the custom of using Christmas trees from

Germany, the tradition of Santa Claus from Holland, and the singing of Christmas carols from the Holy Land.

Isn't the prophecy true that when the day of "peace on earth" comes, it will be a day when the friendly, giving, Christ-like spirit of Christmas is a permanent spirit abiding in the heart of all mankind?



LA VENDER

Nativity

*The moon was chasing an ascendant star
Across the dusky sky,
When in the East one star shone out
With a glowing symbolic light—
And on the earth a hush prevailed,
While shepherds on Judean plains
Forgot their flocks, and, guided by the star,
Found in His lowly manger bed
The precious newborn Son of God.
Wise men, too, sought out the Child,
With gifts of gold and frankincense
And myrrh, and lowly knelt, adoring
The glory of the infant King,
While angels hovered near about
Singing to the Prince of Peace.*

Caroline Owen.

WISDOM

Cupid hoots his darts
Thru the eye, to the heart
Wounded I arise—
Stricken with love—
One eye open to your faults,
Wisely shrewdly weighing—
The other closed to all,
Blindly worshipping, adoring
In spite of faults
Because of Love!
Elizabeth Ingram.

I OR YOU—

A sea-gull was backened by the city's din,
But it came back to the sea-shore.
The clean mists brushed its wings,
The soft winds touched its breast,
And it lost the black of the city's din.
Its wings flashed white over the wave-caps,
And its heart beat whiter than its wings.
Winnifred Jones.

LIFE

At first—
A tightly folded bud
Holding treasures unripe.
Then this,
Fed by the rain of thought
And the sunshine of love,
Bursts,
And life blossoms into a flower
Of full-blown radiance.
Elizabeth Barnes.

JOY

Love is a happy fountain,
Leaping upward to the sun.
Shimmering with prismic lights,
Tinkling soft a note of joy,
It glitters in the light—
A moment thus—then ripples slow
Into a tranquil pool
With rainbow memories in its depths.
—Elizabeth Wilde.

BOOKSHELF

Whiteoaks of Jalna

—MAZO DE LA ROCHE



SEQUEL to *Jalna* is no longer a dream of the admirers of Mazo De La Roche; it is a definite reality, called *WHITEOAKS OF JALNA*, written in that same pleasing style which characterized the first book. Not only does it make a vivid and certain appeal to all who have read and, consequently, loved *Jalna*, but it also possesses that power, so rarely found in sequels, of charming the reader for its own sake rather than because of what has gone before.

Mazo De La Roche leaves no rough, unpolished edges in her interpretation and

portrayal of character. The reader suffers with Finch in his eighteen-year-old struggles, sympathizes with Alayne as she feels the irresistible atmosphere of *Jalna* again closing around her, and feels a pleasurable sensation of cleverness because the skill of the author allows the reader to believe that it is due to his own perception that he guessed to whom the despotic Gran Whiteoak would leave her millions.

The faithless, poetry-loving Eden, who demanded always but never gave; the delightful Wakefield with his grown-up speeches and childishly wheedling manoeuvres; Ernest in his new overcoat stroking Sasha, his cat, Nicholas with his rum and his Yorkshire terrier; and above all, Gran Whiteoaks who, although over a hundred years old, ruled the entire family until her death—ruled them because they knew she had made a will leaving all her money to one member of the family, and because each suspected—and hoped—that that member was himself; all of these contributed to the final union of red-headed, horse-loving Reddy and Alayne, whom Eden had deserted.

Whiteoaks of Jalna does not merely continue the actions of this unusual family at *Jalna*; it so vitally concludes the complications begun in the first book, that one wonders how *Jalna* alone could have satisfied the reader, as it undoubtedly did.

—By Elizabeth McMahon.

Pictures for
Christmas
and the
New Year

WARLICK'S

SNYDER'S READY TO WEAR

Featuring one of a kind in
Dresses, Coats and
Millinery.

Ends of the Earth

—ROY CHAPMAN ANDREWS



O the "Ends of the Earth" with Roy Chapman Andrews takes one throughout the world, without the mythical magic carpet, though with a man who fights all obstacles to achieve his destiny. From the time that he tries to answer the question on why he started exploring and digging up dinosaur eggs in the Gobi Desert, through his work in the American Museum of Natural History, his hunting in Mongolia, his life in a Peking temple, a person lives the true, stirring events that Andrews lives.

When, after receiving a diploma from Beloit, Andrews told the director of the museum, "I don't want to scrub just any floors, but the Museum floors are different" he started the life of which he made a wonderful adventure. He goes on to say, "Why? Because I was doing exactly what I wanted to do, what I had dreamed of doing since I was old enough to dream of anything."

Whales! One sees them as real people when he knows the life that they live! Imagine the whale, a huge humpback, doing a series of acrobatic stunts to impress the female, or acting the part of a peacock showing off to his lady-love! Andrews saw also the whales in a game of

tag with the ship and showing the mother love that their great hearts have.

Being Robinson Crusoe with two men Fridays on a Pacific island gave Andrews a chance to find how bad monkey meat was, but he made a "bully time" of it as everything else. He tells that "the jungle is no place for an impatient man" when three-inch palm thorns held him by the trousers and spiny "wait-a-bit" vines laced across his chest and back.

Andrews says he lived the life of a gold fish at Aikawa. It was considered both necessary and polite, "even the public bath house was a meeting place for gossip and news." But how the girls and women of Aikawa, clothed in considerably less than the modern woman wears at the bathing beach, used to "oh" and "ah" and blush over pictures of American women in décolleté evening dress!

It was then that Andrews rediscovered

always the smartest in
frocks, wraps, millinery and
accessories—

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the gray whale whose description he had read in Sammon's account. This account had been written twenty years before Andrews's birth. In checking up the details of the gray whale, he became so excited that all night he stayed up by candlelight.

The true picturesqueness of his adventure is shown by the description of the seals. He had been "shooting bits of intimate seal life with the movie camera." Then one must see as he did "Like a church congregation standing to sing, the six thousand seals rose as one."

One is reminded of Richard Halliburton, and yet, Andrews takes the person on to the "Ends of the Earth" through all of his problems, even the risky trip to the stables to get milk for his baby in the Chinese war!

"Instead of little bespectacled scientists wearing black alpaca coats, I found alert, well dressed men who would not look out of place in a banker's chair," Mr. Andrews said after his initiation at the Museum. The American idea of the scientist and explorer is enlarged and developed by this

book as well as by the author's final statement:

"I used to dream of the days when I could lead my own expedition and plan my own exhibition halls. Those dreams have come true and, unlike so many dreams, the realization is greater than the anticipation.

—By Marion Johnson.

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Lucretia Vanderbilt

ARISTOCRATS OF TOILETRIES

College Days in the Old South

—WERTON COULTER



R. E. WERTON COULTER, professor of history at the University of Georgia, gives an interesting account not only of the life of the institution but also of the relationship of the school to the social structure of the Old South in his book entitled "College Days in the Old South." Also by closely examining the trustees' minutes, the college catalogs, and other publications he has shown the possibilities of research in higher education.

The theme of the book is the process

by which this institution adjusted itself to the changes in the Southern society from the end of the eighteenth century to the close of the Reconstruction period.

Since the University of Georgia was the first state university to be chartered and the second to open its doors, it reflects the liberal thought of the period. Professor Coulter shows this well. The purpose of the school, the book states, is that since the government is free "civil order should be the result of choice and not of necessity, and the good wishes of the people become the law of the land; their public property and even their existence depends very much upon the forming of the minds and the morals of their citizens;" therefore, according to the belief of the time, religion should be encouraged and the young men should be "moulded to the love of virtue and good order." For this reason the university was organized to include every public educational in the state and to encourage the cause of literature.

Very interestingly Dr. Coulter tells of how a group of Yale men from Connecticut thought of founding such a college. He tells of how the town of Athens was laid out in the wilderness for this purpose. However, the idea of a university was too advanced for the time so "Franklin College" was merely an arts college. Only the planters patronized it.

Persons

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"SPIRIT OF WESLEYAN"

"MISS WESLEYAN"

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The book gives an account of the jealousies of the churches. The Methodists and the Baptists believed that the Presbyterians had too much influence. The college was greatly hindered in gaining public favor and from being favored by public opinion because of this.

The outstanding intellectual problem of the time was the integration of scientific thought. Some eminent scientists left the college because of the opposition they aroused. In all the book reflects the intellectual problems of the ante-bellum days.

A vivid picture of the Reconstruction days is given in the account of the negroes' marching on the campus demanding equal privileges in education and of a military governor taking away the institution's income from the state.

One also reads of how the elective sys-

tem of study supplants an old and rigid curriculum based on the classics and mathematics. This was a step to higher education and is very significant.

The story of the university is colorful and is appealing to the imagination. It gives the life in the old college. It interestingly describes such sports and amusements as cycling, jumping the rope, drinking beer, and dueling. Also it gives the customs in dress of the college men with their negro slaves.

This book is one that every Georgian and every Southerner should be proud of and which every American should find interesting.

It truly unfolds in a very interesting and easy style a panorama of the college life of the Old South.

—By Martha Cooper.

THE UNION

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ALUMNAE



MISS EUNICE THOMSON gives us a lovely poem that teaches a lesson in appreciation of the beauty of nature. Like Miss Chapman, Miss Thompson was editor of the Wesleyan. She was a member of the Scribes and Pharisees, and her clever writing is always enjoyed. We are fortunate in having these talented alumnae with us.

PRAYER

I shall not list for Thee tonight, O Lord,
My petty sins strung in a tiresome row,
Nor ask forgiveness for each hasty word,
Each selfish, unkind deed of mine—

Forgive me that today I let Thee take
Thy brush and paint a golden sky for me
A glory even my fancy could not make
While I—I scarcely turned my head to
see!

Forgive me that I let Thy sun go down
Behind our campus with a burst of
flame

This afternoon; that I turned with a
frown

Back to my desk again—for very
shame!—

Just as it loosed its hold on earth to
drop—

I thought I was too busy, Lord, to stop!

THE ETERNAL STAR

And lo, a brilliant star appeared
Above a land with sin so blind—
A star of love not yet besmeared
A Christ was born to all Mankind.

And still that star of love shines out
A star of Yuletide always bright
And brightens every lowly hut,
A symbol of eternal light.

—By Eunice Partin.

EXCHANGE

THE BRAMBLER,

Sweet Briar College, Va.



THE Brambler, as in past years, is an attractive magazine and one that is enjoyable to read. If all the succeeding numbers are as good as the first, we feel that this year's Brambler will be the finest ever. We are glad to see the new girls contributing. We have a feeling that Anne Brook's feature article was a Freshman English theme. We wouldn't despair of the prospect of THE female vocation if we thought that our students would be able to write as charmingly as she does in "Paper-Dolls." Helen Bond shows promise as an able contributor to the poetry department.

The essay "Does College Educate" is

good. It brings up new arguments for both sides of the question. "Teapots" is a "different" essay. It contains some good description and is very enjoyable. The feature "Poetic People" is unusual. The development of character and scene from bits of poetry is remarkable. "Tacking" is another good feature article, which contains vivid pictORIZATION. The sketch "Falt-taff and Glendower (a missing scene from Henry the Fourth that has recently come to light)" is very clever. We like the section As We Pass By. One excerpt from it is:

"It's funny how we hate to face realities. I knew a commuter once who rode to town every day on the 8:13. But he used to call it the 7:73. He said it made him feel more virtuous."

C. Morley: "The Haunted Bookshop."

Another is:

Father Hart: You should not fill your head with dreams.

What are you reading?

The book reviews in The Book Shelf are unusually good.

THE QUILL,

Spring, 1929,

Howard College.

We are glad to have your exchange, although it is a last year's number. We hope that you will continue to exchange with us during the whole school year. Your magazine helps to prove a little theory of ours—still formative—that papers put out by an entirely or almost entirely masculine staff are very much more vigorous than those on which the co-eds take the lead. This gives nearly all the contributions of your departments a decided twang.

You are very fortunate in having Edgar Valentine Smith of the O. Henry and "Harper's" prizes. He has contributed a delightful short story "Beggars Choice." From only reading his essay "I Am an Average American Youth" we feel authorized to say with your editor that in several ways we believe Olin C. Reed much better than the average youth. May we say that we agree absolutely with Charles Kroelinger in his essay "The Truth about Fraternities." We are fully able to see that Victor Jones has given a "sterling performance" in the field of debating. We quote your editor. "His work in this issue "Positive Peace," reveals a forceful style of writing as well as the debator's convincing logic." In the essay "Cells-Brain or Prison?" J. F. Rothermel sets forth another problem of college and university education, brought up by the students themselves. We liked all of the sketches. "Renunciation—A Legend" by Wyatt Blasingame, "Shadows" by Bernard Beason, and "Cleone Sans" by Billie Ellis, a co-ed. It is unfortunate that your paper had to lose Wyatt Blasingame. We thought all his work good. This is one of my favorite poems from your magazine.

GLIMMERING

Wyatt Blasingame

Since my life's so short a space
And youth is shorter yet, why must
My first love die; give place
Unwillingly for others half so fair?

As the moon? To glimpse new beauties
That glimmer in the mist or golden light.
As the year? In shifting seasons sees the
daffodils

Give way to roses, tulips, buttercups,
And all the countless glories of the year's
youth.

I am fashioned so I must see all the gods
may offer.

And sure my rose will be a pretty flower.
Still—

Oh, God! I hate to lose my daffodil.

We think that this poem, written by one of the younger members of your faculty expresses a feeling that we all experience.

DUNLAP

HARDWARE

COMPANY

Welcomes

WESLEYAN STUDENTS

456 Third Street

AT THE UNIVERSITY

Richard L. Alexander

It is a far distance home.
 The night is dark, rainy, cold.
 My books around are sympathetic with
 the night.
 There is melancholy in my soul; life seems
 full of sadness.
 Yet, there is a peace peculiar to this
 mood.
 The spirit abiding is like the spirit of the
 little, hidden streams
 Flowing on and on, far back upon the
 breast of the mountain,
 Secret from the Haunts of men.
 It is a far distance home.
 Here is the silent beauty of a melancholy
 charm.

THE SUBEMECO,

Sue Bennett College,
 London, Kentucky.

We are happy to have your November number. We want to congratulate you again on the remarkable improvement in your magazine and on the remarkably large number of your advertisements. Again we want to know why you don't try original poetry. We think Miss Pearl McCain's letters are some of the most interesting we have ever read. This one entitled "On the Yellow Sea" is especially delightful. We hope you will develop your exchange department and will give us criticisms for improvement.

The Exchange wishes to acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines:

THE ORANGE AND GREEN,

Lanier High School,
 Macon, Georgia.

This is an exceptional paper, not only for a high school, but one of which any college might be proud to boast. We were proud to read that it has been judged the best high school magazine in the state. The magazine itself gives evidence of the high school sentiment expressed in Lora Soloman's essay "The Sky's the Limit." We hope that your exchange department will fill a section in the next number.

THE VANDERBILT ALUMNUS

October, 1929,

Nashville, Tennessee.

THE CAMPUS,

Nov. 13, 1929,

Allegheny College,
 Meadville, Penn.

This month we have another letter from Mercer's master ink slinger. If you didn't guess his identity from all we said about him last month, you're no good, and no amount of our hinting will help you. However, we'll be a good sport and put his initials way down at the very end. I might add that this young gentleman does not desire to be swamped with fan-mail. He doesn't feel as though he could be worried with a secretary just yet. We feel sure that you will again "cry for more" after reading this second "dose."

DEAR GIRLS:

This wonderful remedy is guaranteed—absolutely guaranteed—to effect the cure which is needed spasmodically by newspaper editors afflicted with too much space and not enough to go in it. Two doses—not more than two—if taken properly and drained to the last bitterly pitiful word, will bring forth news from the grave itself—just as Johnny used to find that he wasn't so very sick after all when Mother told him he had to take that castor oil if he stayed home from school.

But why take up all that time telling you that? You'll find it out soon enough. At that, though, you must at least admit that we aren't concealing anything from you. If the dose proves too strong, don't try to hold us liable. We gave you fair warning.

Speaking of doses, the worst we have had to swallow in a long, long time was the sight of prohibition officers heartlessly ruining eleven thousand pints of good ole Georgia lumber. (Wait a minute—that doesn't sound exactly grammatical. Was it pints of lumber or boards of Bourbon?)

Now that IS unfair. We didn't have any of it—not however, because we didn't try to get it. In fact, one of the "young gen-

tlemen" spent just about a half-hour attempting to oggle one "brown jug" from the pile of broken spirits. He had it nestling ever so tenderly between his feet, after coaxing it inch by inch from the fire with much more patience than Job ever commanded.

Just when he was about ready to stoop over and help the others to get rid of the noxious stuff, a negro happened along with a stick in his hand.

"Is dat full, boss?" he asked.

"You're darned right it is," was the triumphant reply.

Crack! Gurgle, gurgle, gurgle. The sun went down and life—so strong, so invigorating, and so bracing, soaked quickly into the soil of unappreciation. And the hand of death hovered ever so closely above the head of an unsuspecting son of Ethiopia.

Now that we have displayed the usual amount of manhood required of modern collegians, we can proceed to other matters—if we can find them.

Which reminds us, Mercer is to be one of the richest endowed universities in existence—they say. Do you suppose that there is any place out there where one could throw together eight or ten half-million dollar buildings, which might possibly adjoin your campus? If not, why sell your buildings for a song—give them away—and we'll build Greater all over again for you at some place where we can stick up our great university next to it.

Compensation? Your charm, Mesdames, your ineffable charms.

Ah! What solid comfort is to be derived from a man's pipe. How pleasant, how comfortable, to lounge in an easy chair before the crackling flames and in the blue smoke of your briar, to build castles. Dreams of such wonderful, desirable things, pictures of—

That's the trouble with a pipe. The darned things go out so easily. Make you carry a whole nickel box of matches around with you, no kidding.

May we purge our soul of frivolity and turn our minds to the serious things of life for just a moment. If we do not succeed, please do not judge us too harshly. There must be a beginning to everything.

Bill Shakespeare wrote Othello, didn't he? And said William was supposed to know his stuff, eh? Well, if he did—and we doubt it in this one particular—you can't tell us (not that you would) that the maidens of the world haven't come a long way since the day Desdemona simpered across the stage of the Globe.

We sat very still and listened as attentively as our capabilities permit to T. S. Southwick re-create the disgusting innocent who let her husband choke her to death and died with the hope that she hadn't hurt his feelings by not dying quickly enough. And when that happened, we were sorry not to have had a hand in putting her out of her misery.

Today we have Wesleyannes. Come on, Bill. Strut your stuff now. Write about women wot are.

Well, we ran out of anything to say long before we even began the letter and now the typewriter has jammed. So we had better sign on the dotted line before the rest of the ribbon gives out.

Besides—there is a special class in the different kinds of lumber in the world and the teacher has only so many samples with too many students. Naturally, like all good Mercerians, we'd like to get the most out of the courses.

We've done the best we could to make this the worst kind of a cure for ye editor, but the more we read it over (somebody ought to) the stronger is our conviction that you will be cured before the second paragraph.

Believe it or not, we are sure enough (and sober too) to remember on Thanksgiving Day, even in the midst of all that turkey, that there is a Wesleyan and it's a pretty good old world after all.

Mercer's Penman (s impostor).

THE RAMBLER



WELL, Christmas is here and with it the general exodus. We sing for weeks ahead of time about our return to civilization. This has puzzled me considerably for it seems to me that Wesleyan is civilization itself. I am sure that some of us are not used to many of the luxuries we enjoy at Wesleyan.

Good-bye, Wesleyan, we are going home!

Good-bye to the marble showers and baths. Good-bye to well-lighted, steam-heated rooms. We are going home to drafty bathrooms where the water is hot but the room is cold. We are going home where at night we crawl in between icy sheets and in the morning our feet touch icy floors.

Good-bye, Wesleyan, we are going home!

Good-bye to books, lessons and parallel. We are going to a place where we read such cultural material as funny papers and College Humor magazines—where the on-

ly writing we do is addressing Christmas postcards and packages and "thank-you" notes.

Good-bye, Wesleyan, we are going home!

Good-bye to the long paved walks and wide-spread landscapes. Good-bye to the spinach and the raisin bread and well-balanced meals. We are going to a town of muddy, unpaved streets, where the landscape is cluttered up with low squat buildings. We are going to a place where the dietician is a darky who knows nothing about calories and vitamins.

Good-bye, Wesleyan, we are going home!

Good-bye to the gymnasium and the athletics, to the fresh air and sunshine. We are going to a place where the only exercise we get is walking from the house to the car, where the air we breathe is loaded with dust and train smoke.

Good-bye, Wesleyan, we are going home—to civilization!



A Wish

*Beneath a star
A Babe was born—
To whom the Magi brought their gifts
Of gold and frankincense and myrrh—*

*Beneath each star
Some Babe is born
To whom life brings its fatal gifts
Of work and love and death—*

*Beneath one star
My Babe was born.
Oh Magi wise, oh Fate, be kind—
Bring good gifts to my child.*

Friendly Christmas Greetings and Best Wishes

for the Coming Year

Burden, Smith & Company

